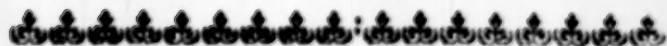
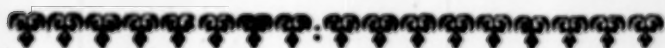


# THE DISCONTENTED COLONELL.

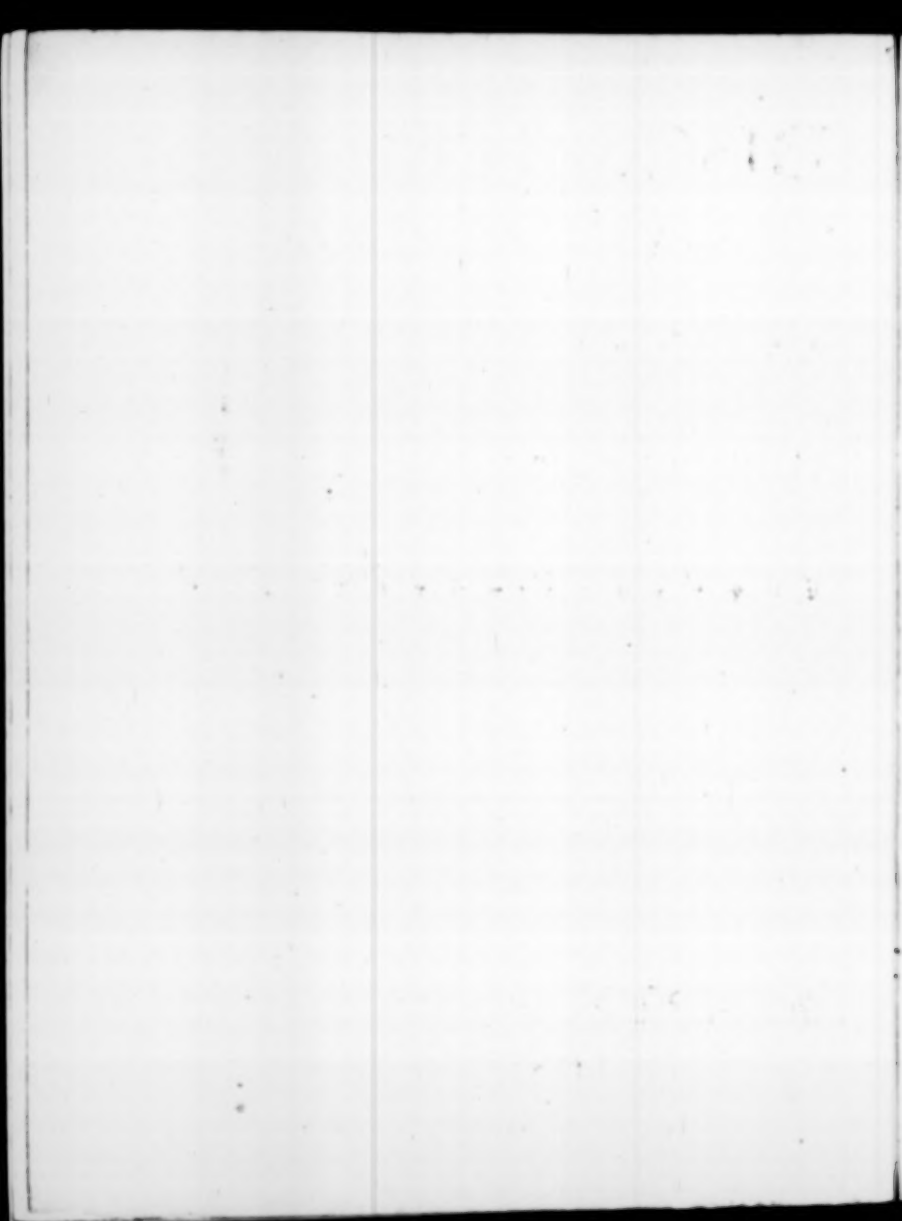


Written by Sir JOHN SUCKLIN.



LONDON,

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at the *Marrigold* in *Pauls Church-yard*.



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## *The Sceane Poland.*

---

### *The Actors Names.*

**S**igismond, King of Poland.

Mieffa.

Melidor. } Counsellours to the King.

A Lord. }

Brennoralt, a disacontent.

Doran, His Friend.

Villamor.

Granivert. } Cavaliers and Officers

Marrinell. } Under Brennoralt.

Strathman.

Frisolin, Brother to Francelia.

Jpbigene, young Palatine of Florence.

Palatine of Menſer, Governour, one of the chiefe Rebels.

Palatine of Trock a Rebell.

Almerin, a gallant Rebell.

Morat, his Lieutenant Colonell.

Francelia, the Governours Daughter.

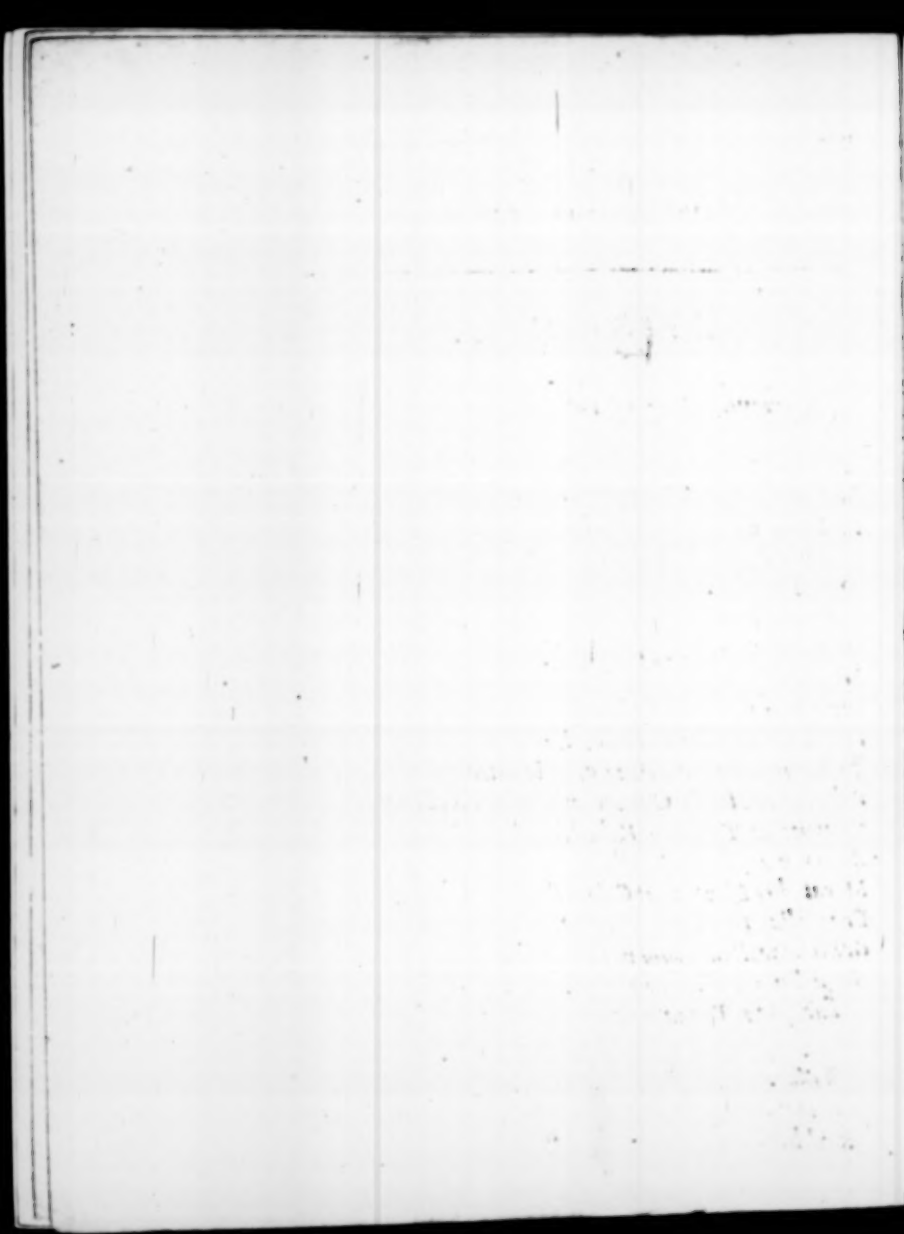
Orillia, a waiting woman to Francelia.

Raguelin, a ſervant in the governours Houſe,  
but ſpy to Brennoralt.

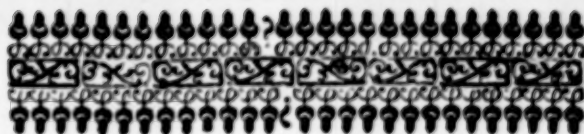
Jailor.

Guard.

Souldiers.







# THE DISCONTENTED COLONELL.

---

*Actus primus. Scena prima.*

*Enter Brenmoralt, Doran.*

*Bren.*

**I** Say the Court is but a narrow circuit,  
Though something elevate about the common;  
A kind of Ants nest in the great wilde field,  
Orecharg'd with multitudes of quick inhabitants,  
Who still are miserably busied, get in,  
What the loose foot of prodigality,  
As fast doth throw abroad.

*Dor. Good.*

A most eternall place of low affronts,  
And then as low submissions.

*Bren. Right.*

High cowards in Revenges 'mongst themselves,  
And onely valiant, when they mischief others,

*Dor. Stars, that would have no name,*

But for the ills they threaten in conjunction:

*Bren. A race of shallow, and unskillfull Pilots,*

**B**

**VVhich**

## *The discontented Colonell.*

Which doe misguide the ship, even in the calm,  
And in great stormes, serve but as weight  
To sinke it, Alarum within.

More, prithee more.

Tis musique to my melancholy.

*Enter Souldier.*

My Lord ; a cloud of dust and men  
The sentinells from the East gate discover,  
And as they guesse, the storme bends this way.

*Bren.* Let it be.

*Sol.* My Lord.

*Bren.* Let it be,

I will not fight to day,  
Bid Strathman draw to the Trenches,  
On, prithee on.

*Dor.* The King employes a company of formall Leards,  
Men who have no other other prooffe of their  
Long life, but that they are old.

*Bren.* Right, and if they'r wise,  
Tis for themselves, not others,

As old men ever are. *Alarum. Enter Souldier.*

*Sol.* Colonell, Colonell,  
The enemy's at hand, kills all the Centries,  
Yong *Almerin* leads them on agen.

*Bren.* Let him lead them off agen then,  
Second Sol. Colonell.

*Bren.* Be gone,  
If th'a'rt afraid, goe hide thy selfe,  
Second Sol. What a devill ayles hee? *Exit.*

*Bren.* This *Almerin's* the ague of the Campe,  
He shakes it once a day.

*Dor.* It is the ill conscience rather,  
He never lets it rest,  
Would I were at home agen,  
S'foot we lye here ith' Trenches, as if it were  
For a wind to carry us in the other  
World, every houre we expect,  
Ile no more on't ;

## *The discontented Colonell.*

*Bren.* Prithee.

*Dor.* Not I by heaven.

*Bren.* What man, the worst is but faire death.

*Dor.* And what will that amount to ?

Faire *Epitaph*, a fine account,

Ile home I sweare :

*Enter Strathman.*

*Stra.* Arme, arme, my Lord,  
And shew your selfe, all's lost else.

*Dor.* Why so ?

*Stra.* The Rebells, like an unruly flood,  
Roule o're the Trenches, and throw downe  
All before them.

*Bren.* Ha.

*Stra.* Wee cannot make a stand.

*Bren.* He would out-rivall us in honour too

As well as love, but that he must not doe ;

Helpe me *Strathman* ; (puts on Armour,

The danger now growes worthy of our swords,

And *O Doran*, would heaven there were

No other storme, then this worst Tempest here. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Marrinell throwing downe one he carries.*

*Mar.* There :

The Sun's the nearest surgeon I know,

And the honestest, if thou recoverest, why so ?

If not, the cure's paid ; they have mauld us.

*Enter Granivert with another upon his back.*

*Gran.* A curse light on this powder,

It spoiles valour ere 't is halfe way it's journey,

What a disadvantage fight we upon in this age ?

He that did well heretofore,

Had the broad faire day to shew it in,

Witnesses enough ; we must beleeve one another,

'Tis night when we begin.

Smalke, by this hand<sup>I</sup> can beare with you

No longer, how now ? dead as I live ;

Stolne away just as he used to a wench,

Well goe thy wayes for a quiet drinker and dyer,

I shall never know thy fellow ; (searches his pockets.

## *The discontented Colonell.*

These trifles too about thee.

There was never an honest poore wretch

Borne, I think, hum *Marrinell* (the s<sup>h</sup>ies *Marrinell*,

*Mar.* Who's that?

*Gra.* Tis I, Hem how goes matters?

*Mar.* Scurvily enough;

Yet since our *Colonell* came, they've got no ground

Of us, a weake Sculler against wind and Tide,

Would have done as much, harke,

This way the Torrent beares. (Exeunt.

*Enter Fresolin, Almerin, Rebels.*

*Fre.* The villaines all have left us.

*Alm.* Would they had left their feares,

Behind them with the enemy,

But come, since we must. (Exeunt.

*Enter Brennoralt, Souldiers.*

*Bren.* Hoe *Strathbeman*,

Skirt on the left hand with the horse;

And get betwixt these and that body:

They'r rallied up for rescue.

*Dor.* They'r ours.

*Bren.* Charge through. (Exeunt.

*A shout within. Enter Brennoralt, Strathbeman,*

*Doran, Marrinell.*

*Bren.* VVhat shout is that?

*Stra.* They've taken *Almerin* my Lord.

*Bren.* *Almerin*, the devill thanke them for't,

VVhen I had hunted hard all day,

And now at length unheard the proud deare,

The curs have snatch't him up, found a retreat.

Ther's nothing now behind; who saw *Doran*?

*Stra.* Shal we bring *Almerin* in my Lord?

*Bren.* No, Gazing is low Triumph,

Convey him fairely to the King,

Hee fought it fairely.

*Doran.* VVhat youth was that whom you befri'd my Lord,

And sav'd from all our Swords to day,

VVas he not of the enemy?

*Bren.*

## The discontented Colonell.

*Bren.* It may be so.

*Sir.* The Governours sonne *Freselin* his mistresss brother in *Dorancare*.

*Bren.* No matter whom.

Pity the rough hand of war, should carely  
Courages destroy, before they bud,  
Or shew themselves i'th heate of action.

*Mar.* I threw my Lord a youth upon a banke  
Which seeking after the retreat I found  
Dead, and a Woman the pretty daughter  
Of the Forrester, *Lucillia*.

*Bren.* See, see, *Doran*, a sad experiment,  
Woman's the cowardliest and coldest thing  
The world brings forth,  
Yet love as fire workes water,  
Makes it boile over, and doe things contrary  
To its proper nature,  
I should shed a teare could I tell how:  
Poore *Lucillia*, thou didst for me what did  
As ill become thee, see her gently buried:  
Boy, send the surgeon to the tent; I bleed:  
What lowly cottages they've given our soules?  
Each petty storme shakes them into disorder,  
And costs more paine to patch them up againe  
Then they are worth by much:  
I'm weary of the tenement.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Villanor, Granivert, Marvinell and Stratheman.*

*Gra.* Villanor, welcome, welcome, when cam'st thou?

*Vil.* Look, I weare the Kings high way still on my bootes

*Gra.* A pretty riding phrase, and how, and how,  
Ladies cheape.

*Vil.* Faith reasonable.

Those toyes were never deare thou know'st;  
A little time and industry they'l cost.  
But in good faith, not much, some few there are,  
That set themselves at mighty rates.

*Gra.* Which we o'th wise passe by,

## *The discontented Colonell.*

As things are valued in the market ;  
I fit not so ?

*Vill.* You have said Sir.  
Your friend the Rivall's married,  
Has obtain'd the long lov'd Lady,  
And is such an asse after.

*Gran.* Hum. Tis ever so,  
The motions of married people are as of other naturall violent Gentlemen to the place and calme in it.

*Mar.* We know this so, and yet we must be fooling.

*Gra.* Faith, women are the baggage of life,  
They are troublesome, and hinder us  
In the great March ; and yet we cannot be without 'em :

*Mar.* You speake very well, and Souldier-like.

*Gra.* VVhat thou art a wit too I warrant  
In our absence.

*Mar.* Hum. No, no, a poore pretender,  
A Candidate, or so, gainst the next Sessions,  
Wit enough to laugh at you here.

*Gra.* Like enough, valour's a crime,  
The wife have still approach't unto the valiant,  
And the fooles too.

*Vill.* Raylery apart *Granivert*,  
What accommodation shall we find here?

*Gra.* Cleane straw sweet heart, and meat,  
When thou canst get it.

*Vill.* Hum- straw.

*Gra.* Yes,  
That's all will be betwixt Incest,  
You and your mother Earth must lye together

*Vill.* Priethee let's be serious, will this last ?  
How goes affaires ?

*Gra.* Well ;

*Vill.* But well :

*Gra.* Faith 'tis now upon the turning of the ballance,  
A most equall businesse t'wixt Rebellion and Loyalty.

*Vill.* What do'st meane ?

*Gra.* VVhy which shall be the vertue, and which shall  
be the vice ?

*Vill.*

## *The discontented Colonell.*

*Vill.* How the devill can that be?

*Gra.* O successe is a rare point, hides all the ugliness!

*Vill.* Prithee what's the quarrell?

*Gra.* Nay, for that excuse us,

Ask the children of peace,

They have the leasure to study it:

VVe know nothing of it, Liberty they say:

*Vill.* S'foot Let the King make an act,

That any man may be unmarried agen;

Ther's liberty for them, a race of

Halfe witted fellowes quarrell about freedome,

And all that while allow the bonds of matrimony.

*Gra.* You speake very well Sir;

*Mar.* Soft, the King and Councell.

*Enter King, Lords, Brennoralt.*

*Gra.* Looke, they follow after like tir'd spanniells,

Quest sometimes for company, that is, concurre,

And that's their businesse.

*Mar.* They are as weary of this sport,

As a young unthrift of his land.

Any bargaine to be rid on't.

*Vill.* Can you blame them, who's that?

*Mar.* Brennoralt, our brave Colonell,

A discontent, but what of that, who is not?

*Vill.* His face speakes him one,

*Mar.* Th'art in the right!

He lookes still as if he were saying to

Fortune, huswife, goe about your businesse,

Come let's retire to *Burruthew* Tent,

Taste a bottle, and speake bold truths,

That's our way now. (*Exeunt. Manent K. Lords.*)

*Mis.* Thinke not of pardon Sir,

Rigour and mercy us'd in states

Incertainly and in ill times,

Looke not like th' effects of vertue,

But necessity, nor will they thanke

Your goodnesse, but your feares.

*Melid.* My Lord Revenge in Princes

Should

## *The discontented Colonell.*

Should be still imperfect, it is the handfomest,  
The King comes to reduce, not ruine.

*Brex.* Who puts but on the face of punishing,  
And onely gently acts, but prunes Rebellion,  
He makes that flourish, which hee would destroy  
Who would not be a rebell? when the hopes  
Are vast, the feares but small.

*Melid.* I would not, nor you my L. nor any here,  
Feare keeps low spirits in, the brave  
Doe get above it, when they doe resolve,  
Such punishments in infancy of war,  
Makes men more desperate, not more yeelding;  
The common people are a kind of flies,  
Are catcht with honey, not with wormewood,  
Severity exasperates the stird up humour,  
And state distempers turnes into diseases.

*Brex.* The Gods defend great Poland state should bee  
Such, as it dares not to take right Physick,  
Quarters to rebells Sir.  
When you give that to them,  
Give that to me which they deserve,  
I would not live to see it.

*Third Lord.* Turne o're your owne  
And other Chronicles, & you shall find (great)  
That nothing makes a civill war long liv'd, (Sir)  
But ransome returning back the brands,  
Which unextinct kindled still fiercer fires.

*Mies.* Mercy bestowed on those dispute with Swords,  
Does loose the Angell face it has,  
And is not mercy Sir, but policy,  
With a weake vizard on.

*King.* Y'have not my thoughts, My Lords,  
Nor will it need larger debates to morrow,  
In the sight of the besiged, the rebell dyes,  
*Miesse,* tis your care the mercy  
Of high heaven may be offended so,  
That it cannot forgive mortalls, much more  
VVhich is not infinite, My Lords.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*



## *The discontented Colonell.*

*Enter Iphigene, Almerin, as in prison.*

*Iph. O Almerin,*

VVould we had never knowne the ruffle of the world,  
But were againe by golden banks in solitude,  
VVhere thou and I, sheapherd, and sheapherdeffe,  
So oft by turnes, as often still have wisht,  
That we as easily could have chang'd our Sex,  
As Cloths, but all those innocent joyes,  
Like glorious morning are retir'd into  
Darke sullen clouds, before we know  
To value what we had.

*Alm. Fame, and victory are light huswives.*  
That throw themselves into the armes,  
Not of the valiant, but the fortunate,  
To be taken thus :

*Iph. Almerin.*

*Alm. Nipt in the bud of honour.*

*Iph. My Lord.*

*Alm. Foild, and by the man,*  
That doth pretend unto *Francelina*.

*Iph. VVhat is't you doe my Almerin?*  
Sit still and quarrell with the winds  
Because there is a shipwrack towards,  
And never thinke of saving of the Barque.

*Alm. The Barque, what should we doe with that?*  
VVhen the rich freight is lost, my name in armes.

*Iph. VVho knowes what prizes are behind,*  
If you attend, and wait a second voyage.

*Alm. Never, never,*  
There are no second voyages in this,  
The wounds of honour doe admit no cure.

*Iph. Those slight ones which misfortune gives must needs,*  
Else why should mortalls value it at all?  
For who would toile to treasure up a wealth,  
VVhich weak: inconstancy did keepe,  
Or might dispose of? *(Enter Melidor,*  
O my Lord, what newes?

*Melid. As ill as your owne feares could give you,*

## The discontented Colonnell.

The Counsell has decreed him sudden death,  
And all the wayes to mercy are blockt up.

*Iphi. weepes,  
and sighes.*

*Alm.* My *Iphigene*,

This was a misbecomming peece of love,  
VVomen would mannage a disaster better, *(he weepes and  
sighes again.*  
Againe thou art unkind;

Thy goodnesse is so great, it makes thee faulty;  
For whilst thou think'st to take the trouble from me  
Thou giv'st me more, by giving me thine too.

*Iph.* Alas, I am indeed, a uselesse trifle,  
A dull, dull thing, for could I now doe any thing  
But grieve and pittie, I might helpe;  
My thoughts labour to find a way,  
But like to birds in cages,

Though they never rest,  
They are but where they did set out at first.

*Enter Laylor.*

*Lai.* My Lord your pardon,  
The prisoner must retire,  
I have receiv'd an order from the King,  
Denies access to any.

*Iph.* He cannot be so great a Tyrant.

*Alm.* I thanke him, nor can he use me ill enough;  
I onely grieve that I must dye in debt,  
A bankrupt, such thy love has made me;  
My dearest *Iphigene*, farewell,

It is no time for ceremony,

Shew me which way I must,

*Exit.*

*Iph.* Griefe strove with such disorder to get out,  
It stopt the passage, sent back my words,  
That were already on the place.

*Melid.* Stay, there is yet a way.

*Iph.* O speake it.

*Mel.* But there is danger in't *Iphigene*,  
To thee high danger.

*Iph.* Fright children in the darke with that,  
And let me know it,

There's no such thing in nature if *Almerin* be lost.

*Mel.* Thus then,

You

## *The discontented Colonell.*

You must be taken prisoner too,  
And by that exchange save *Almerin*.

*Iph.* How can that be?

*Mel.* VVhy—studies.

Step in and pray him set his hand (To the *lawyer*)  
About this distance, his seale too.

*Iai.* My Lord, I know not what that is.

*Mel.* Settling of money busines foole betwixt us.

*Iai.* If't be no more.

*Mel.* Tell him *Iphigene* and I desire it: (*Exit*;

Ile send by *Strathbucker* his servant  
A letter to *Morat*, thus signed, and sealed,  
That shall informe the sudden execution,  
Command him as the onely meanes,  
To save his life, to sally out this night  
Upon the Quarters. and endeavour prisoners,  
Name you as most secure, and slightliest guarded,  
Best pledge of safety; but charge him  
That he kill not any, if't be avoydable,  
Lest it should enrage the King yet more  
And make his death more certaine.

*Enter Iailour with the writings.*

*Iai.* He understands it not,  
He sayes, but he hath sent it.

*Iph.* But should *Morat* mistrust now,  
Or this miscarry.

*Mel.* Come leave it to me,  
Ile take the Pylots part  
And reach the port, or perish in the art.

*Allus Secundus.*

*Enter Almerin in prison.*

*Alm.* Sleepe is as nice as woman,  
The more I court it, the more it flies me:  
Thy elder brother will be kinder yet;  
Unsent for death will come to morrow.  
Well, what can to morrow doe?  
'Twill cure the sence of honour lost;  
I and my discontents, shall rest together:

## The discontented Colonell.

What hurt is there in this?  
But death against the will,  
Is but a slovingly kind of potion;  
And though prescrib'd by Heaven,  
It goes against mens stomachs,  
So does it at fourescore too, when the souls  
Mew'd up in narrow darknesse,  
Neither sees, nor heares,  
Pish, tis meere fondnesse in our nature,  
A certaine clownish cowardise, that still  
Would stay at home, and dares not venter  
Into forraigne Countries, the better then  
Its owne — ha, what Countries? for we receive  
Description of the world from our Divines,  
As blind men take relations of this from us,  
My thoughts lead me into the darke,  
And there they leave me; Ile no more on't.  
*He knocks within there; some papers & a light;*  
Ile write toth' King,  
Desie him, and provoke a quick dispatch,  
I would not hold this lingring doubtfull state,  
So long agen for all that hope can give.

*Enter 3. or. 4. of the guard with papers.*

That Sword doth tempt me strangely *(writing)*.  
Ver't in my hands, t'were worth the other two  
But then the guard, it sleepest  
And drinke, may be to contrive,  
If so, that I could not passe,  
Why if I fall in't, tis better yet then pageantry,  
A Scaffold or Spectators, more Souldier like. *one of the guard*  
Vncivill villaine. read my letter? *peepes over his*

1. Guard. Not I, not I, my Lord.

Alm. Deny it too, *(snatches his sword, strikes him)*

1. Guard. Murder, murder.

Arme, arme.

*The Guard runs out.*

Alm. Ile follow, give the Alarum within,

Tis lest suspicious, arme, arme, arme.

The enemy, the enemy.

*Exit.*

Sol. Let them come. Let them come, let them come. *En.*

## *The discontented Colonell.*

*Enter Soldiers running o're the stage, one throwing away his armes. Enter Almerin.*

*Al.* I heare fresh noise,  
The Camp's in great disorder, where am I now?  
'Tis strangely darke, goddesse without eyes  
Be thou my guide, for blindnesse, and fight,  
Are equall sence, and equall use this night. *Exit.*

*Enter Granivert, Strathman, Villanor,  
Marrinell.*

*Gra.* Trouble not thy selfe, child of discontent,  
Twill take no hurt I warrant thee,  
The state is but a little drunke,  
And when't has spurd up that, that made it so,  
Twill be well agen, ther's my opinion in short.

*Mar.* Th'art in the right,  
The state's a pretty forehanded state,  
And will doe reason hereafter,  
Let's drinke, and talke no more on't.

*Al.* A good motion, a good motion, lets drinke.

*Fil.* I, lets drinke.

*Stra.* Come, to a mistris.

*Gra.* Agreed, name, name.

*Fil.* Any body, *Vermillia.*

*Gra.* Away with it.

*Shees pretty to walke with,  
And witty to talke with,  
And pleasant to thinke on,  
But the best use of all  
Is, her health is a stawle  
And let's us, to make us drinke on.*

*Stra.* Excellent.

Gentlemen, if you say the word,  
VVee'l vant credit, and affect high pleasure,  
Shall we?

*Fil.* 7, I Let's doe that.

*Stra.* VVhat thinke you of the sacrifice now?

*Mar.* Come, wee'l have it,  
For trickling teares are vaine.

## The discontented Colonell.

*Vil.* The sacrifice, what's that?

*Stra.* Child of ignorance 'tis a campe health,  
An *Alamode* one, *Granivert* begin it.

*Gra.* Come give it me.

Let me see, (Pint up a Rose)  
Which of them this Rose will serve, hum, hum, hum,  
Bright Star & the lower Orbe twinkling in water  
Which draw'st (as well as eyes) but sets men righter.  
For who at thee begins, comes to the place  
Sooner then he, that sets out as the face:  
Eyes are seducing lights, that the good women know  
And hang out these a nearer way to shew.

*Mar.* Fine, and pathetical, come Villanor.

*Vil.* What's the matter?

*Mar.* Come your liquour, and your stanzons,  
Lines, lines.

*Vil.* Of what.

*Mar.* Why of any thing your Mistris has given you.

*Vil.* Gentlemen, she never gave me any thing but a box  
Oth eare, for offering to kisse her once,

*Stra.* Of that box then.

*Mar.* I, I, of that box, of that box.

*Vil.* Since it must be, give me the payson then (Drinkes  
That Box faire Mistris, which thou gav'st me and spits.  
Inhumane queste, is like to cost me three,  
Three cups of wine, and verses six,  
The Rime will down, but verse for Rime still stickes,  
By which you all will easily, Gentles know  
I am better drinke then a Po---

*Mar.* La you there now.

*Enter Doran.*

*Doran, Doran.*

*Gra.* A Hall, a Hall.

To welcome our friend.

Some liquour he  
A newer fresh face,  
Must not alter our pace,  
But make us stil drink the quicker boe  
Wine, Wine

## *The discontented Colonell,*

*O tis Divine;  
Come let us unto our brother.  
What's at the tongues end  
It forth doth send  
And will not a syllable smother.*

*Then,  
It unlockes the brest,  
And throwes out the rest,  
And learnes us to know each other.*

*Dor.* Mad lads, have yee been heere ever since ?

*Stra.* Yes faith, thou seest the worst of us.

*We debauch in discipline,  
Foure and twenty houres is the time,  
Burroughes had the watch to night,  
To morrow 'twill be at my tent*

*Dor.* Good and dee know what has fallen out to night ?

*Stra.* Yes, *Granivert* and my Lieutenant Colonell,  
But they are friends agen.

*Dor.* Pish, pish, the young *Palatine* of Florence  
And his grave guardian surpris'd to night,  
Carried by the enemy out of his quarters.

*Gra.* As a Chicken by a Kite out of a back-side,  
Was't not so ?

*Dor.* Is that all ?

*Gra.* Yes, my colonell did not love him,  
He eates sweet meates upon a march too.

*Dor.* Wel, harke ye,  
VVorse yet, *Almeria's* gone,  
Forc't the Court of Guard where he was prisoner  
And has made an escape.

*Gra.* So pale and frightlesse a wretch,  
Drew *Priams* Curtaine in the dead of night,  
And told him, halfe Troy was burn'd,  
He was of my mind, I would have done so my self.

*Dor.* VVell, there's high suspitions abroad.  
Yee shall see strange discovery  
I'th counsell of war.

*Gra.* VVhat counsell speaks ?

*Dor.*

## *The discontented Colonell.*

*Dor.* One cal'd this morning,  
Y<sup>e</sup> are all sent to.

*Gr.* I le put on cleane linnen and speake wisely;

*Dor.* Stoothe weele have a round first.

*Gr.* By all meanes sir.

*Sings.* Come let the State stay,

And drinke away,

There is no busynesse above it.

It warms the cold braine,

It makes us speake in high straine,

Hec's a foole that does not approve it.

The Macedon youth

Left behind him this truth,

That nothing is done with much thinking,

He drunke and fought

Till he had what he sought,

The world was his own by good drinking. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Generall of the Rebels; *Palatine of Treck,*

*Misse, Francellid, Almerin, Norat.*

*Gen.* As your friend my Lord, he has the priviledge of  
And may enjoy a liberty we would deny *(ours,*  
To enemies.

*Alm.* I thanke your Excellence,

O *Iphigene* he does not know

That thou the nobler part of friendship hold'st,

And do'st oblige whilst I can but acknowledge.

*Al.* Opportunity to states men is as the just degree

Of heat to Chymists, it perfects all the worke,

And in this prisoner tis offer'd.

W<sup>e</sup> now are there where men should still begin

To treat upon advantages.

The *Palatine of Treck* and *Misse,*

W<sup>i</sup>th *Almerin* shall to the King.

Petition shall be drawne.

Humble in forme, but of that matter

As the bold Macedonian youths would send

To men they did despise for luxury,

The first begets opinion in the world;

W<sup>h</sup>ich



## *The discontented Colonell.*

Which lookes not far, but on the outside dwells,  
To'ther enforces courage in our owne;  
For bold demands, must boldly be maintained.

*Pal.* Let al goe on stil in the publique name,  
But keepe an eare open to particular offer,  
Liberty and publique good  
Are like great *Olees*,  
Must have the upper end stil of our tables,  
Tho they are but for shew.

*Fra.* VVould I had never seene that shape  
Thas poison in't

Yet where dwels good, if il inhabit there?

*Min.* Presse much Religion,  
For tho we dresse the scruples for the multitude,  
And for our selves reserve the advantages  
( It being much pretext ) yet it is necessary  
For things of faith are so abstruse and nice  
They will admit dispute continually,  
So howsoever other demands appeare,  
These never can be prov'd unseasonable  
The subject being of so fine a nature,  
If not submits himsele to sense, but escapes  
The trials, which concludes al common doubts.

*Fra.* My Lord, you use me, as il painters paint,  
VVho while they labour to make faces faire,  
Neglect to make them like.

*Iph.* Madam, there is no ship-wrack of your  
Vertues neare, that you should throw away  
Any of al your excellencies  
To save the dearest modesty.

*Gen.* If they proceede with us, we can retreat  
Unto expositions, and the peoples votes,  
If they refuse us wholly, then we plead  
The King's besieged, blockt up so straitly  
By some few, that reliefe can find no way  
To enter to the King, or yet out to us,  
Exclaime against it loud,  
Till the *Polonians* thinke it high injustice,

## *The discontented Colonnell.*

And with us better yet :  
Then easily doe we rise unto our ends,  
And wil become their envy through their pittie.  
At worst you may confirme our party there,  
Encrease it too, there is one *Brenuorals*  
Men call him gallant, but a discontent,  
My Cozen, the King has us'd him ill,  
Him a handsome whisper will draw,  
The afternoone shal perfect  
What we have loosely now resolved.

*Iph.* If in discourse of beauty,  
So large an Empire, I doe wander,  
It wil become your goodnesse Madam  
To set me right ;  
And in a Country where your selfe is Queene,  
Not suffer forrainers to loose themselves,

*Gen.* What making revenges Palatine,  
And taking prisoners faire Ladies hearts.

*Iph.* Yes my Lord,  
And have no better fortune in this war  
Then in the other, for while I thinke to take  
I am surpris'd my selfe.

*Fran.* Dissembler, would thou wert.

*Min.* You are a Courtier my Lord,  
The Palatine of *Ptoerus*  
Will grace the *Hymenealls*  
And that they may be whilst his stay is heere,  
I'll Court my Lord in absence.  
Take of you the little strangenesse  
Virgins must weare at first.

*Iphigenia swoons*

Looke to the Palatine.

*Min.* How is't my dearest *Iphigene*.

*Iph.* Not well, I would retire.

*Gen.* A qualme.

*Mor.* His colour stole away, funke downe,  
As water in a weather-glasse  
Prest by a warme hand.

*Min.* A Cordiall of kind looks from the King,

## *The discontented Colonell.*

Let us withdraw and heare him.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Brennoralt, Doran, Ragnelin.*

*Dor.* Yet to be married?

What? are you mute now?

*Bren.* Thou can'st too hastily upon me,  
Putt too close the colours to my eye,  
I could not see it is impossible.

*Dor.* Impossible!

It were impossible it should be otherwise;  
What can you imagine there of constancy?  
Where 'tis so much their nature to love change,  
That when they say, but what they are,  
They excuse themselves for what they doe.

*Bre.* Shee hardly knowes him yet in such an instant.

*Dor.* O you know not how fire flies,  
When it doth catch light matter, woman.

*Bren.* No more of that,  
Shee's yet the pretiousst thing in al my thoughts,  
If it be so, I am a lost thing in the world, *Doran.*

*Dor.* How.

*Br.* Thou wilt in vaine perswade me to be other,  
Life which to others is a good that they enjoy,  
To me will be an evil I shal suffer.

*Do.* Looke on another face, that's present remedy.

*Br.* How ill thou do'st conclude,  
Cause there are pestilent aires which kill men suddenly  
In health; must there be soveraigne  
As suddenly to cure in sickness?

It never was in nature.

*Exit. Enter Aper hastily.*

I was a foole to thinke

Death only kept the doores of ill paid Lone,

When or disdain, or spite

Could let me out as wel.

*Dor.* Right, were I as you  
It should trouble me no more  
To free my selfe of Love,

Then to spit out that which made me sick.

*Bren.* I'll tell her so, that she may laugh at me,

## *The discontented Colonell.*

As at a prisoner threatning his Guard,  
He will breake loose, and so is made the Faller,  
Shee has charmes *Doran*,  
Can fetch in a rebellious heart,  
Even while it is conspiring liberty,  
O she has all the vertues of her sex  
And not the vices,  
Chast and unfullied,  
As first opening *Lillies*  
Or untoucht buds.

*Dor.* Chast, why d'ee honour me  
Because I throw my selfe not off a precipice?  
Tis her ruine to be otherwise,  
Tho we blame those that kil themselves,  
We praise not him, that keepes himselfe alive  
That deserves nothing.

*Bren.* And tis the least,  
Shee triumphs when she does not appeare:  
I have as many rivalls as beholders.

*Dor.* All that increases but our jealousies,  
If you have now such qualmes for that you have not;  
What will you have, for that you shal possesse?

*Bren.* Dul Heretique, know I have these  
Because I have not her,  
VVhen I have her, I shall have these no more:  
Her fancy now; Her vertue then wil governe,  
And as I watch with doubtfull eye  
The wavering needle in the best sundyall  
Til it has settled, then the troubles ore,  
Because I know when it is fixt, its true,  
So here my doubts are al afore me!  
Sure *Doran*, crown'd conquerours are  
But the types of Lovers, which enjoy and really possesse  
What tother have in dreams.  
I'll send a chalenge to him.

*Dor.* Doe and be thought a mad-man,  
To what purpose?  
If she Love him, she will but hate you more,

Lovers

## *The discontented Colonell.*

Lovers in favour Brennoralt are gamesters,  
In good fortune, the more you set them,  
The more they get.

*Bren.* He see her then this night,  
By heaven I will.

*Dor.* VVhere! in the cittad ll.

*Bren.* Know what, and why?

*Dor.* He raves: *Brennoralt*.

*Bren.* Let me alone,

I conjure thee by the discretion  
Left betwixt us; that's thine,  
For mine's divorc't by injury of  
Leave me to my selfe. (fortune:

*Dor.* I have done.

*Bren.* Is there such a passage  
As thou hast told me of into the Castle?

*Ra.* There is my Lord.

*Bren.* And dar'st thou let me in;

*Ra.* If you my Lord dare venture.

*Bren.* There are no centries neare it.

*Ra.* None.

*Bren.* How to the Chamber afterwards?

*Ra.* Her woman.

*Bren.* VVhat's shee?

*Ra.* A wicket to my Ladies secrets,  
One that stands up to marriage with me.

*Bren.* There, upon thy life be secret. (flings him a purse,

*Ra.* Else all punishments due to ingratitude.

*Bren.* Enough:

I am a storme within, till I am there,

O *Doran*,

That that, which is so pleasant to behold,  
Should be such paine within.

*Dor.* Poore *Brennoralt*;

Thou art still the Martyr of a thousand Tyrants;  
Love, honour, and ambition, raigne by turnes,  
And shew their power upon thee.

*Bren.* VVhy let them; I am still *Brennoralt*,

## *The discontented Colonell.*

Even Kings themselves are by their  
Servants rul'd sometimes,  
Let their owne slaves governe at od houres,  
Yet not subject their person or their powers.

*Exeunt.*

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### *Actus Tertius.*

*Enter Iphigene as in a Garden.*

*Iph:* **W**Hat have I got by changing place,  
But as a wretch which ventures to the warres,  
Seeking the misery with paine abroad,  
He found, but wisely thought,  
And had left at home — weepes,  
*Fortune* thou hast no Tyranny,  
Beyond this usage,  
Would I had never hop't,  
O: had betimes despair'd,  
Let never in the gentle theefe,  
Or kept him but a guest,  
Not made him Lord at all.  
Thus as my stormes of griefe,  
Carry my tearés which should releeve my heart,  
Have hurried to the thanklesse Ocean clouds,  
And showres which needed not at all the cutesie  
When the poore plaines have languisht,  
For the want and almost burst asunder,  
He have this statues place, and undertake,  
At my owne charge, to keepe the water full.

*Enter Francellia.*

*Fran.* These fond impressions grow too strong upon mee;  
They were at first without designe or end  
Like the first Elements, that knowes not what,  
And why they act, & yet produce strange things,  
Poore innocent desires, journeying they know  
Not whither, but now they promise to themselves

Strange

## *The discontented Colonell.*

Strange things, grow insolent, threaten no rest,  
Till they be satisfied.

What difference was betweene these Lords?

The one made love as if he by assault,  
Would take my heart, so forc'd it to defence,  
While t'other blew it up with secret mines,  
And left no place for it, here he is;

Tear's steale too from his eyes,

As if, not daring to be knowne,

To passe that way, make it good cunning griefe;

Thou knew'st thou could'st not dresse thy selfe, (*Iphigene*)

In any other lookes, to make thee lovely. (*spins Francelia*)

*Iph. Francelia*, If through the ignorance of places,

I have intruded on your privacies,

Found out forbidden paths,

'Tis fit you pardon *Madam*.

For 'tis my melancholy, not I offends.

*Fran.* So great a melancholy would well become.

Mischances, such as time cannot repaire,

Those of the warre, are but the petty

Cures, of every comming houre.

*Iph.* Why should I not now tell her all since tis in her,

To save my life, who knowes but she may be

Gallant so farre, as to undoe her selfe,

To make another happy?

*Madam*, the accidents of warre,

Contribute least to my sad thoughts,

If any such I have;

Imprisonment can never be

Where the place holds what we more love,

And yet.

*Fran.* My Lord.

*Iph.* In this imprisonment.

*Fran.* Proceed my Lord.

*Iph.* I dare not *Madam*.

*Fran.* I see I do disturbe you, and enter up on your secrets,

Which when I know, I cannot serve you in.

*Iph.* Oh, most of any,

You are the cause of all.

*Fran.*

## *The discontented Colonell.*

*Fran.* I my Lord.

*Iph.* You *Maddam*, you alone,

*Fran.* Alas, that 'tis too, soone to understand,

*Iph.* Must not you marry *Almerin*?

*Fran.* They tell me, 'tis design'd,

*Iph.* If he have you, I am for ever lost.

*Fran.* Lost? the heavens forbid they should designe so ill.  
Or when they shall, that I should be the cause.

*Iph.* Ha, her eyes are strangely kind,

Shée prompts me excellently,

Stars be propitious, and I am sifer,

Away: ile not expect it.

*Fran.* His passion labours for vent.

*Iph.* Is there a hope you will not give your selfe,  
To *Almerin*?

*Fran.* My Lord this ayre is common,

The walkes within are pleasanter.

*Iph.* Invitation. God of desire be kind,

And fill ine now with languages,

Such as thou lend'st thy favoriter,

When thou would'st give them easy victory,

And I forgive thee all thy cruelties.

(*Exeunt.*)

*Enter* *Palatine of Track, Menfe. Almerin.*

*Brenworalt, Lords.*

*Min.* Consider too,

That those who are so necessitated to use violence,  
Have first beene violent by necessity,

*Pal.* But still you judge not right of the prerogative,  
For oft it stands with power and law,

As with our faith and reason;

It is not still against, that is above my Lord.

*Second Lord.* You had of all least reason,

For would the King be unjust he cannot,

Where ther's so little to be ha'.

*Alm.* Where there is least, there's liberty my Lord;

And 'tis more injury to pull haïres

From the bald, then from the bushy heades. (*Exc. talking.*)

*Track*



## The discontented Colonel.

*7 rocks pulls Brennoralt.*

*Pal. Brennoralt, a word,*  
My Lord the world has cast its eye upon you,  
And markt you out one of the formost men,  
Y<sup>e</sup> have bui'd ~~some~~ the earliest of any,  
And send her bill on errands;  
Much of the bravery of the Nation,  
Hastaken up its lodging in you,  
And gallant men but copy from you.

*Bren. 'Tis goodly language this, what would it meane?*

*Pal. The Lithuanians with you well, and wonder,*  
So much defeat should be so ill rewarded.

*Bren. Good.*

*Pal. While all the gifts the crowne is master of*  
Are plac't upon the Empire,

*Bren. Still I take you not.*

*Pal. Then to be plaine,*  
Our Army would be proud of you,  
Pay the neglected scores of merit double,  
All that you hold here of command, and what,  
Your fortune in this *Sigismund* has suffer'd,  
Repair'd, and make it fairer then it was at first.

*Bren. How?*

That nothing Lord trifle below ill language,  
How came it in thy heart to tempt my honour?

*Pal. My Lord,*

*Bren. Do'st thinke cause I am angry,*  
With the King and state sometimes,  
I am fallen out with vertue and my selfe,  
Draw, draw or by goodnesse.

*Pal. What meanes your Lordship?*

*Bren. Draw, I say.*

He that would thinke me villaine is one  
And I doe weare this toy to purge the world  
Of such, they've say'd thee,  
Wer't thou good natur'd thou wouldst  
Love a King the better during life,

*King. If they be just.*

*Enter King  
Lords, Al-  
lids Misja,  
they kisse the  
Kings hand.*

E

They

*The discontented Cavaliers.*

They call for gracious answers,  
Speedy how ere we promise.

*All.* Long live great *Sigismund*,

(creatures,

*Bren.* The *Lithuanians* Sir, are of the wilder sort of

Must be rid with harsh curbs, and since the warre

Can onely make them tride, what can be us'd but

Swords? where men have talne,

From not respecting Royalty,

Unto a liberty of offending it;

What tho' their numbers equally yours Sir?

And now forc'd by necessity,

Like curs in narrow roomes,

They fly upon your face:

Thinke you rebellion and Invalcy,

Are empty names, and that in subjects hearts,

They give not both and take away the courage;

Shall we beleeve there is no difference,

In good, and bad? no punishment,

Nor no protection? forbid it heaven,

If when great *Polands* honour, safety too

Hanges in dis use, we should not draw our swords,

Why were we ever taught to weare them Sir?

*F. Altes.* This late commotion in your kingdoms Sir,

Is like a growing wen upon the face,

Which as we cannot looke on without trouble

So tak't away we cannot, without danger,

War there has foulest face, and I

Must seare it, where the pretext is fairest.

Religion, and Liberty,

Most specious names,

Which like the bills of subtle *Mottebanks*,

Fill'd with great promises of *Curing all*;

Tho' by the wise pass'd by on tread, as common cussenage,

Yet by th' unknowing multitude,

They're still admir'd and flockt to:

*King.* I there no way to disabuse them?

*Altes.* A I's now too late,

The vulgar in religion are

Like

## *The discontented Colonie.*

Like unknowne lands, as had our forefathers said,  
And those that first possesse them, have them.  
Then (Sir) consider, justnesse of cause is nothing,  
When things are risen to the point they are;  
'Tis either not examin'd or believ'd  
Amongst the world.  
The better cause the *Greeks* had of old,  
Yet were the *Gods* themselves divided in it,  
And the foule Ravisher found as good protection,  
As the much injur'd husband.  
Nor are you (Sir) assur'd of all behind you,  
For tho' your person in the subjects hearts,  
Stands highly honour'd and belov'd,  
Yet are there certaine Acts of State,  
Which men call grievances abroad.  
And tho' they bore them in the times of peace,  
Yet will they now perchance thinke to be free,  
And throw them off for Sir  
The Common people are much like the Sea,  
Which suffers things to fall,  
And sink unto the bottome in a calme,  
Which in a storme,  
Stur'd and enrag'd it lifts, and doth keepe up.  
Then time,  
Distempers cures, more safely (Sir) then physick,  
Or instant letting blood; Religion now  
Is a young mistress there, for which each man will  
And dye at least; Let it alone a while,  
And it will become a kind of married wife,  
People will be content to live wth it,  
In quietnesse, if that at least may be,  
My voyce is therefore (Sir) for peace.  
*Mrs.* Were Sir the question simply warre or peace,  
It were no more then shortly to be ask't,  
Whether we would be well or ill,  
Since war, the sicknesse of a Kingdome is,  
And peace the Health;  
But here I doe conceive,

## The discontented Colonell.

•Twill rather be, whether we had not better  
Endure sharpe sicknesse for a time, then enjoy  
A perfect strength; then have it languish on us;  
For peace and war, is an Incessuious line,  
Have still begot each other;  
Those men that highly now have broke all lawes,  
(The great one onely is c'wile man and man;  
What safety can they promise? tho they give it;  
VWill they not still suspect, and justly too,  
That all those bonds should be  
Broken agen to them, so being still in feares,  
And jealousies themselves, they trauell Infeare  
The people, for in such a case,  
The private safety is a publique trouble,  
Nor will they ever want pretext,  
Since he that will  
Maintaine it with his Sword he's In pay, yea  
May saye at any time:  
Then (Sir) as terrible in war appears,  
My vote is for't, nor shall I ever care,  
How ugly my Physicians shall be,  
So he can doe the cure,

Lord. In entring Physick,  
I thinke Sir none so much considers  
The Doctors face, as his owne body,  
To keepe on foot the war, with all the wants  
Is to let blood, and use strong potions,  
In dangerous sicknesse.  
King. I see a wonder not to find my Lords,  
This difference in opinion, the subject's large,  
Nor can we there too much dispute, where;  
VVe erre tis at a kings charge,  
Peace and war are in themselves indifferent,  
And time doth stampe them; either good or bad;  
But here the place, is much considerable,  
VVar in our owne.  
Is like to heat within, it makes the body  
VWhen in another country tis but exercise,

Conveyes

## The discontented Colonell.

Conveyes that heat abroad, and gives it health,  
To that I bend my thoughts,  
But leave it to our greater counsellors,  
VWhich we now assemble:  
Meane time exchange of prisoners onely we assent to,

*Lord.* Nothing of Trucees Sir.

*King.* No:

We will not take up quiet at interest,  
Perfect peace or nothing,  
Cessations for short times in waite,  
Are like small fits of health,  
In dangerous sicknesse,  
VWhich while the instant paine seemes to abate,  
Flatters us in debauch and worse estate. *(Exeunt.)*

*Enter Iphigene as leading to his chamber, Francelin, Servant  
with lights. Morat, and another Souldier.*

*Iph.* I have not left my selfe a faire retreat,  
And must be now either the blest object,  
Of your love, or subject of your scorne.

*Fran.* I feare some treachery,  
And that my eyes have given intelligence;  
Unlesse you know there would be weake defence,  
You durst not thinke of taking in a heart,  
As soone as you sit downe before it.

*Iph.* Condemne my love, not of such fond ambition,  
It aymes not at a conquest, but *Francelia.* *(whisper.)*

*Morat.* They're very great in this short time.

*Sol.* Tis ever so.  
Young and handsome,  
Have made acquaintance in nature,  
So when they meet, they have the lesse to doe,  
It is for age or ugliness to make approaches,  
Or keepe a distance.

*Iph.* VVhen I shall see, other perfection,  
Which at the best will be but other vanity, not more,  
I shall not love it.

*Fran.* Tis still one step, not to despaire my Lord.

## The discontented Colonell.

*Exeunt Iphigene, Franciska, Servants.*

*Mer.* Dost thinke he would fight?

*Sol.* Troth it may be not,  
Nature in those fine peeces doth as painters,  
Hangs out a pleasant excellence  
That takes the eye, which is indeed  
But a course canvis in the naked truth,  
Or some slight Ruffe.

*Mer.* I have a great mind to tast him.

*Sol.* By a prisoner.

*Mer.* By this hand, if I thought he courted my  
Colonells Mistris in earnest.

*Enter Iphigene. Woman after.*

*Wo.* My Lord, my Lord,  
My Lady thinks the jessamine walkes  
Wil be finer, the feshuffle  
Of the morning takes off the strength  
O'h heate shee says.

*Iph.* Tis well.

*Mer.* Mew, does it so? I suspect vildly,  
Wee'l follow him, and see it he be  
So far qualified towards a *Souldier*  
As to drinke a——in's Chamber.

*Exeunt.*

*Ragnelin pulls woman back.*

*Ra.* Where are those Keyes?

*Wom.* Harke ye, I dare not doovt.

*Ra.* How!

*Wom.* My Lady will find.

*Ra.* Scruples.

Are my hopes your feares?  
There was no other way I should be any thing  
In this lowd world——and now,  
S'foot I know she longs to see him too.

*Wo.* Does shee?

*Ra.* Dost thinke he would desire it else?

*Wo.* I but.

*Ra.* Why let me secure it al,  
I'll say I found the Keyes, or stole them, come.

*Woman*

## *The discontented Colonell.*

*W.* Well if you ruine al now,  
Here, *These enter the garden from the workes,*  
That the privy walkes, and that the back-stalles,  
Then you know my Chamber.

*R.* Yes I know your Chamber. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Brummorall.*

*Bren.* He comes not,  
One wise thought more, and I returne,  
I cannot in this art separate the foolish  
From the bold so far, but still it tast  
O'th rash.  
Why let it tast, it tast of love too,  
And to all actions 'gives a pretty relish that.

*Enter Raquelin.*

*R.* My Lord.

*Bren.* Oa deare!

*R.* S'foot y are upon our centries  
M are on this hand. *Exeunt. Enter agen.*

*Bren.* Why are there here no guard?

*R.* There needs none,  
Y are presently must passe a place  
VVhereon's an army in defence,  
It is so steepe and strait.

*Bren.* T's well.

*R.* These are the steps of danger,  
Looke to your way my Lord.

*Bren.* I doe not find such difficulties,  
VVaite me thereabouts.

*Francolin is in  
bed, he draws  
the Curtaine.*

So misers looke upon their Gold,  
VVhich while they joy to see, they feare to loose  
The pleasure of the sight scarce equalling  
The jealousy of being dispossest by others,  
Her face is like the milky way ith' Sky,  
A meeting of gentle lights without name,  
Heavens, that this fresh ornament of the world  
This precious Loveliness,  
Passe with other common things  
Among the waits of time?

*VVhat*

## The discontented Colonell.

VVhat pitty 'twere!

*Fan.* Blessé me,

It is a vision, or *Brennoralt*.

*Bren.* *Brennoralt*, Lady.

*Fan.* *Brennoralt*, ignorance guard me

VVhat ist y<sup>e</sup> have done my Lord?

*Bren.* Alas, I were but in too good estate,  
if I knew what I did.

But why aske you Madam?

*Fan.* It much amazes me to thinke,

How you came hither

And what could bring you too in danger thus,

My honour, and your owne life

Nothing but living of my brother.

Could make me now preserve you.

*Bren.* Reproach me not, the follies you your selfe

Make me commit,

I am reduc'd to such extremity

That love himselfe, high tyrant as he is,

If he could see, would pitty me.

*Fan.* I understand you not.

*Bren.* Would Heaven you did, for tis a paine to tel you.

I come to accuse you of injustice Madam,

You first begot my passion,

And was content (at least you seem so)

That it should live,

Yet since never would contribute unto it

Nor look upon it: as if you had desir'd

It's being for no other end,

But for the pleasure of its ruine.

*Fan.* Why doe you labour that to make me guilty of

An injury to you, which when it is one,

All mankind is alike engaged,

And must have quarrell to me.

*Br.* I have done it, you chide me justly Madam,

I lay it not on you, but on my wretched selfe.

For I am taught that Heavenly bodies

Are not malicious in their influence,

But



## *The discontented Colomell.*

But by the disposition of the subject.  
They tel me you must marry *Almerin*,  
Sure such excellencie ought to be  
The recompence of vertue  
Not the sacrifice of parents wisedome,  
Should it not Madam?

*Fran.* Twould injure me,  
VVere it thought otherwise.

*Bren.* And shal he have you then  
That knew you yesterday?  
Is there in Martyrdome no iuster way  
But this, that holds a finger in the fire  
A little time? should the Crown from them  
That have endur'd the flame with constancie

*Fran.* If the discovery wil ease your thoughts my Lord,  
Know *Almerin* is the man *I* never saw.

*Bren.* You doe not marry then, condemned man  
Thus heare, and thus receive reprieues.  
One question more, and *I* am gone.  
Is there to Latitude of eternity  
A hope for *Brennoyals*.

*Fran.* My Lord.

*Bren.* Have I place at al when you doe think of men?

*Fran.* My Lord, a high one,  
*I* must be singular: did *I* not value you?  
The world doth set great rates upon you,  
And you have first deserv'd them.

*Bren.* Is this al?

*Fran.* All.

*Bren.* O be lesse kind or kinder,  
Give me more pittie, or more cruelty *Francelia*,  
*I* cannot live without this, nor dy.

*Fran.* *I* feare my Lord,  
You must not hope beyond it.

*Bren.* Not hope?

This is not sure the body to this soule,  
It was mistaken shuffled, in through haile:  
Why else should that have so much love,

## *The discontented Colonell.*

And this want love lines to make that Love  
Received--- I wil raise honour to a point  
It never was,

*Studier.*

Doethings of such a victorious greatnesse:  
Shée shal love me, she shall.  
I wil deserve her, tho I have her not,  
Ther's something yet in that.

Madam wilt please you pardon my offence,  
Oh fates that I must cal thus my affection.

*Fre.* I wil doe any thing, so you wil think of me  
And of your selfe my Lord, and how you stay  
Endangers both.

*Bren.* Alas your pardon is more necessary to my selfe  
Then life's to me, but I am gone  
Blessing such as my wishes for you in  
Their extasies could never reach, fall on you,  
May every thing contribute to preserve  
Your excellence (my destruction)  
Great as the torments I have in it,

*Exeunt.*

---

### *Albus Quartus.*

*Enter Brennoralt.*

*Bren.* **W**Hy so 'tis wel: fortune I thinke thee Aill,  
I dare not cal thee villaine neither;

'Twas plotted from the first:

That's certaine, it lookes that way:

Hum catcht in a trap.

Heer's something yet to trust to, *(to his sword)*

This was the entry, these the stalres,

But whither afterward?

He that is sure to perish on the Land

May quit the nicety of card and compasse,

And safe to his discretion put to Sea,

He shal have my hand to't.

*Exit.*

*Enter*

## *The discontented Colonnell.*

*Enter Raguclin, Orillia, the waiting Woman.*

*Ra.* Look, by this light tis day.

*Oril.* Not by this, by tother 'tis indeed.

*Ra.* Thou art such another peece of temptation.

My Lord raves by this time.

An hundred to one the Centinells wil discover

Us too, then doe I pay for night-watch.

*Oril.* Fy upon thee, thou art as feareful as a

Young Colt, boylest at every thing, foole, as

If Lovers considered howers, i'le peepe in.

*Shee peepes.*

*Ra.* I am as weary of this wench

As if I were married to her,

She hangs upon me like an ape upon a Horse,

Shee's as common too, as a Barbers Glasle,

Conscient like a Dy-dapper.

*Oril, Raguclin,* there is no body within

My Lady sleepest this houre at least.

*Ra.* Good, the *Devills* even with me,

Not be an honest man neither,

What course now?

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Brennoralt and a Guard.*

*Sol.* Nay sir we shal order you.

*Bren.* Dogs.

*Enter Fresolin.*

*Fre.* What tumult's this? ha *Brennoralt,*

Tis he in spite of his disguise,

VVhat makes he here?

Hee's lost for ever if he discover'd:

How now companions, why doe you use

My friend thus

*Sol.* Your friend my Lord, if he be your friend,

H has us'd us as il,

H has plaid the *devill* among us,

Six of our men has Surgeons work this moneth,

VVe found him climbing of the wals.

*2. Sol.* He had no word neither,

Not any Language but a blow.

*Fr.* You will be doing these wild things my Lord.

## *The discontented Colonell.*

Good faith y<sup>e</sup> are too blame, if y<sup>e</sup> had desir'd  
To view the wals or trenches, 'twas but  
Speaking, we are not nice,  
I would my selfe had waited on you.  
They'r the new out-works you would see perchance,  
My Lord, wee'l take the nearer way, and  
Privater, here through the sally port.

*Bren.* VVhat the *devill's* this sure I dreame? *Exeunt.*

*Sol.* Nay y<sup>e</sup> are so officious. *manent*

*2. Sol.* Death, could I ghesse he was a friend? *Souldiers.*

*Sol.* 'Twas ever to be thought so,  
How could he come there else?

*2. Sol.* Friend, or no friend, he might have  
Left us something to pay the Surgeon with.  
Grant me that, or i'll beat you to him. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Fresolin, Brennoralt.*

*Fre, Brennoralt,* start not,  
I pay thee back a life I owe thee,  
And blesse my stars they gave me power to doe,  
The debt lay heavy on me,  
A Horse waits you there, a trumpet too  
VVhich you may keepe lest he should prate,  
No ceremony, tis dangerous.

*Bren.* Thou hast astonisht me.  
Thy youth has triumpht in one single aft  
O' eal the age can boast. and I wil stay  
To tell thee so, were they now firing  
All their Cannons on me,  
Farewel gallant *Fresolin*  
And may reward great as thy vertue crowne thee. *Exe.*

*Enter Iphigene, Francelin.*

*Fran.* A peace wil come,  
And then thou must be gone,  
And whither? when you are once got upon the wing.  
You wil not stoope to what shal rise  
Before ye, fly to some lure  
VVith more temptation garnisht.

*Iph.* Can you have doubts, and I have not my feares?

*By*

## *The discontented Colonell.*

By this the readiest, & the sweetest oath I sweare, *Kisses.*  
I cannot so secure my selfe of you,  
But in my absence, I shall be in paine,  
I have cast up what it will be to stand  
The Gods your anger, and which is more hard,  
The love of *Almerin.*

I hold thee now, but by thy owne free grant,  
A slight security; alas it may fall out  
Giving thy selfe, not knowing thine owne worth,  
Or want of mine, thou may'st like one deceiv'd  
Resume the gift on better knowledge back.

*Fran.* If I so easily change, I was  
Not worth your love,  
And by that losse you'l gaine.

*Iph.* But when y'are irrecoverably gone,  
'twill be slight comfort to perswade my selfe  
You had a fault, when all that fault must be,  
But want of love to me, and that agen,  
Find in my much defect, so much excuse,  
That it will have no worse name  
Then indiscretion, if I in concern'd doe  
Cast it up. — I must have more assurance.

*Fran.* You have too much already,  
And sure my Lord, you wonder while I blush  
At such a growth in young perfections.

*Iph.* Why should I wonder *Madam*?

Love that from two breasts sucks,  
Must of a child quickly.  
Dunces in love stay at the Alphabet,  
The inspir'd know all before,  
And doe begin still higher.

*a giant.*

*(Enter woman.)*

*Wom.* *Madam,* *Almerin* return'd has sent to kisse  
Your hand; I told him you were busy.

*Fran.* Must I my Lord be busy?

I may be civill, tho not kind,  
Tell him I waite him in the gallery.

*Iph.* May I not kisse your hands this night?

*Fran.* The world is full of jealous eyes my Lord,

## The discontented Colonell.

And were they all lock't up, you are a spy,  
Once entred in my chamber at strange houres.

*Iph.* The vertue of *Francelia* is too safe,  
To need this little art of preservation,  
Thus to divide our selves, is to distract our selves,  
A *Chernbind* dispatches not on earth.  
The affaires of heaven, with greater innocence,  
Then I will visit; tis but to take a leave  
I beg.

*Frax.* VWhen you are going my Lord. *Exeunt.*  
*Enter Almerin, Murat.*

*Alm.* Pish, thou liest, thou liest.  
I know he playes with womankind,  
Not loves it, thou art impertinent.

*Mort.* Tis the Campe talke my Lord. *(Exeunt.)*

*Alm.* The camp's an asse; let me heare no more on't.  
*Enter Granivert, Villanor, Marinell.*

*Gran.* And shall we have peace?  
I am no sooner, but the state's so too:  
If it be, they will a truce for a moneth onely;  
I long to refresh my eyes by this hand.  
They have beene so tyr'd, with looking upon faces,  
Of this Country.

*Vill.* And shall not the *Donnazella*,  
To whom we doe wish well a,  
Looke babies agen in our eyes.

*Gran.* Ah, a spritely girle about fiftene,  
That melts, when man but takes her by the hand,  
Eyes full and quick, with breath  
Sweet as double Violets,  
And whole some as dying straw-berries,  
Thick silken eyebrows high upon the forehead,  
And cheekes mingled with pale streakes of red,  
Such as the blushing morning never wore.

*Vill.* O my chops, my chops:

*Gran.* VWith narrow mouth, small teeth,  
And lips swelling as if she powted.

*Vill.* Hold, hold, hold. *(Marjoram.)*

*Gran.* Haire colour'd and curling like buds of

## *The discontented Colonell.*

Part tyed in negligence,  
Part loosely flowing.

*Vil.* Tyrant, tyrant, tyrant.

*Gra.* In pinke colour taffata petty-coat,  
Lac't smock sleeves dangling,  
This vision stolne from her owne bed,  
And rustling in ones chamber.

*Vlll.* Oh good *Granivert*, good *Granivert*.

*Gra.* VVith a wax Candle in her hand,  
Looking as if she had lost her way,  
At twelve at night.

*Mar.* Oh, any houre, any houre.

*Gra.* Now I thinke on't by this hand,  
Ilemarry, and be long liv'd.

*Vil.* Long liv'd, how?

(*Appetite*.)

*Gra.* Oh he that has a wife, eates with an  
Has a very good stomack to't first,  
This living at large is destructive,  
Variety is like rare sawces,  
Provokes too far, and drawes on sursets,  
Then the other.

*Enter Dorax.*

*Dor.* So, is this a time to foole in?

*Gra.* VVhat's the matter.

*Dor.* Draw out your choice men, and away to  
Your Colonell immediarly, there's worke  
Towards my boyes, there's worke,

*Gra.* Art in earnest.

*Dor.* By this light.

*Gra.* There's something in that yet.

*This Moity were*

*Twilight.*

*Neither night nor day,*

*Pox upon it.*

*A storme is worth a thousand*

*Of your Calme,*

*There's more variety in it.*

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

## *The discontented Colonell.*

*Enter Almerin, Francelia, as talking earnestly.*

*Alm.* Madam, that shoves the greatnesse of my passion.

*Fran.* The Imperfections rather,  
Jealousie's no better signe of love  
My Lord, then feavers are of life;  
These shew there is a being,  
Tho impair'd and perishing,  
And that affection but sick and in disorder.  
I like it not? Your Servant.

*Exit.*

*Alm.* So short, and sowre.  
The change is visible. *(Enter Iphigene.)*

*Iphi.* Deare *Almerin* Welcome,  
You have beene absent long.

*Alm.* Not very long.

*Iph.* To me it has appear'd so.  
What say's our campe, am I not blamed there?

*Alm.* They wonder.

*Iph.* Whil'st we smile.  
How have you found the King inclining?  
*Alm.* Well; the treaty is not broken, now holds it.  
Things are where they were,  
Thas a kind of face of peace.

You my Lord may when you please returne.

*Iphi.* *Almerin.*

*Alm.* Yes my Lord, Ile give you an escape.

*Iph.* 'Tis least to my desires.

*Alm.* Hum:

*Iph.* Such prisons are beyond all liberty.

*Alm.* 'Tis possible?

*Iph.* Seemes it strange to you?

*Alm.* No, not at all?

What, you find the Ladies kind?

*Iph.* Civill — *(smiles.)*

*Alm.* You make love well too, they say my Lord.

*Iph.* Passe my time.

*Alm.* Adresse unto *Francelia.*

*Iph.* Visit her.

*Alm.*



## The discontented Calverly.

*Alm.* D'ee know she is my mistress, *Palmer*?

*Iph.* Ha.

*Alm.* Doe know she is my mistress?

*Iph.* I have beene told so.

*Alm.* And doe you court her then?

*Iph.* VVhy; if I saw the enemy first,

VVould you not charge?

*Alm.* He does allow it too, by heaven;

Laughs at me too, Thou filcher of a heart,

False as thy title to *Francelia*;

Thy friendship with this I doe throw by—*(drawes)*

*Iph.* What doe you meane?

*Alm.* I see the cunning now of all my love.

*Alm.* VVhy thou cam'st so tamely kind,

Suffering surprise; draw.

*Iph.* I will not draw, kill me,

And I shall have no trouble in my death,

Knowing 'tis your pleasure,

As I shall have no pleasure in my life,

Knowing 'tis your pleasure.

*Alm.* Oh poore, I lookt for this,

I knew thou wouldst find 'tas easier to doe

A wrong, then justifie it, but.

*Iph.* I will not, first heare me.

If I love you not, more then I love her,

If I love her more then for your sake,

Heaven strangely punish me.

*Alm.* Take heed how thou dost play with heaven.

*Iph.* By all that's just, and faire, and good,

By all that you hold deare, and I hold great,

I never had lascivious thought, or e're

Did action that might call in doubt,

My love to *Almerin*.

*Alm.* That tongue can charme me into any thing.

I doe beleeve it, prithee be wiser then,

Give me no farther cause of jealousies,

Hurt not my Honour more, and I am well.

*Iph.* But well: of all our passions,

## *The discouraged Colonnell.*

How came ~~her nature~~ made the worst,

Foule jealousie her favorite,

And if it be not so,

Why tooke she care that every thing,

Should give the monster nourishment,

And left us nothing to destroy it with?

*Alm.* Prithce no more; thou pleadst it cunningly

I feare I shall be made the guilty,

And need my pardon,

*Iph.* If you could read my heart, you would :

I will be gone too sorrow, if that will satisfie,

Indeed I shall not rest untill my innocence,

Be made as plaine as objects to the sense.

*Alm.* Come, you shall not goe, Ile thinke upon't no more,

Distrust ruines not friendship,

But builds it fairer then it was before.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Brennoralt, Capitaines, Stratheman, Duran.*

*Bren.* No more but ten from every company,

For hands are theeves, and rob the glory,

While they take the share,

How goes the night?

*Stra.* Halfe spent my Lord,

We shall have straight,

The moon's weaker light.

*Bren.* 'Tis time you call in the Officers,

Friends; If ye were men that must be talk't

Into a courage, I had not chosen you.

Danger with its vizard of before this time,

Y'have look't upon, and have out fac't it too.

Ve are to doe the trick agen, that's all, *Draws his sword.*

And yet we will not swaie,

For he that shrinkes in such an action,

Is damn'd without the helpe of perjury.

*Duran.* If from the virgin tower,

Thou splest a flame, such as the East wind sends,

Forth about the time the day shall break,

Tell the King I hold the Castle for him,

Bid him come on with all his force,

*And.*

## *The discomfited Colonell.*

And he shall find victory so cheape,  
I will loose it's value,  
If I fall, the world has lost a thing,  
It wd not well, and a thing that car'd not  
For that world:

*Stra.* Lead on Colonell,  
If we do not fight like.

*Bren.* No like,  
Wee'l be our selves similitude.  
And time shall say, when it would tell  
That men did well they fought like us. *Exeunt.*

---

### *Actus Quintus.*

*Enter agen.*

What made the stop?  
One in's falling sicknesse had a fit,  
VVhich choakt the passages, but all's well,  
Softly, we are neare the place. *Exeunt.*

*Alarm within fight, then Enter Almerin  
in his night Gowne.*

*Alm.* VVhat noise is here to night?  
Something on fire, VVhat hoe,  
Send to the Virgin Tower, there is disorder,  
Thereabouts. *Enter Soldier.*

*Sol.* All's lost, all's lost,  
The enemy's upon the place of Armes,  
And is by this time Master of that  
And of the Tower.

*Alm:* Thou liest. *(Strikes him)*

*Enter Morat.*

*Mor.* Save your selfe my Lord,  
And haste unto the Campe,  
Ruine gets in on every side. *Exit.*

*Alm.* There's something in't when this fellow  
Flies. *Villaines my Armes.*

*The Discontented Colone ll.*

Ile see what devill raignes. *Enter Iphigene, Francelia.*

*Iph.* Looke, the day breakes.

*Fran.* You thinke Ile be tis blind, as I swear,  
It does not now, indeed I will not.

*Iph.* Will you not send me neither  
Your picture when you are gone?

That when my eye is famisht for a looke,  
It may have where to feed,

And to the painted scall insike my heart.

*Fran.* Here, take the Virgin bracelet of my haire,  
And if like other men thou shalt hereafter,

Throw it with negligence,  
'Mongst the Records of the weak female conquest,

Laugh at the kind words, and mistickall contrivement.  
If such a time shall come,

Know I am fighting then thy absence *Iphigene*,  
And weeping o're thy false, but pleasing image.

*Enter Almerin.*

*Alm.* *Francelia* *Francelia*,  
Rise, rise and savethy selfe, the enemy,

That doth not know thy worth, may else destroy it.  
*he throwes open the doore.*

Ha; mine eyes grow sick:  
A plague has through them stolne into my heart,

And I grow dizzy, feet lead me off agone,  
Without the knowledge of my body,

I shall ast, I know not what else. *Exit.*

*Fran.* How came he in?  
Deare *Iphigene*, wee are betraid;

Let's raise the Castle, lest he should returne.

*Iph.* That were to make all publique,  
Feare not, Ile satisfie his anger,  
I can doe it.

*Fran.* Yes with some quarrell,  
And bring my honour, and my love in danger.

Loe he be returne. And with a fury, *Enter Almerin.*  
Like hurried clouds over the face of heaven,

Before

## The discontented Colonel.

Before a tempest, in his looks appears.

*Alm.* If they would question  
What our rage doth act, and make it sin,  
They would not thus provoke men.  
I am too tame.

Here I denounce a war to all the world,  
And thus begin it.

*Runs at Iphigene.*

*Iph.* What hast thou done?

*falls.*

*Fran.* Ah me, help, help——

*Wounds her.*

*Iph.* Hold.

*Al.* 'Tis too late.

*Iph.* Rather then she shal suffer,  
My fond deceits involve th'innocent,  
I wil discover al.

*Alm.* Ha, what wil he discover?

*Iph.* That which shal make thee curse the blindness  
Of thy rage, I am a woman.

*Al.* Ha, ha, ha, brave and bold.

Because thy perjury deceiv'd me once  
And sav'd thy life, thou thinkst to scape agen,  
Imposture thus thou shalt.

*Runs at him.*

*Iph.* Oh hold, I have enough,

Had I hope of life,  
Thou shouldst not have this secret.

*Alm.* What wil it be now?

*Iph.* My Father having long desir'd  
A sonne to heire his great possessions,  
And in six births successively deceiv'd,  
Made a rash vow, and O rash vowes are punishr,  
That if the barthen my mother went with,  
Prov'd not a male, he ne're would know her more,  
Then was unhappy *Iphigene* brought forth,  
And by the womens kindnesse made a boy,  
And since so bred,  
A cruell pity as it has falne out,  
If now thou findst that which thou thoughtst  
A friendship in me, love forget it,  
It was my joy and death.——

*faints*

*Alm.*

## The discontented Colonell.

*Alm.* For curiosity i'll save thee if I can,  
Know the end, if't be but losse of blood,  
Breasts, by all that's good, a woman.

*Iphigene.*

*Iph.* I thanke thee,  
For I was false asleepe before I had dispatch,  
Sweetest of all thy Sex, *Francelia*  
Forgive me now, my love unto this man  
And feare to lose him, taught me a fatal cunning,  
Made me court you, and my owne destruction.

*Fran.* I am amaz'd.

*Alm.* Can it be! O mockery of Heaven,  
To let me see what my soule often wish't,  
And make my punishment,  
A punishment that were I old in sins,  
Were yet too great.

*Iph.* Would you have lov'd me then?  
Pray you say would,  
For I like teasily sickmen at their death  
Would know no newes but health  
From the physition.

*Alm.* Canst thou doubt that?  
That hast so often seene me extasie  
When thou wert drest like woman,  
Unwilling ever to believe thee man.

*Iph.* I have enough.

*Alm.* Heavens.

VVhat thing shall I appeare unto the world?  
Here my ignorance might have some excuse,  
But there, I was distract.  
None but a man enrag'd with anger  
To a savagenesse, would e're have drawn  
A sword upon such gentle softnesse,  
Be kind, and kill me, one of you :  
Kill me, if't be but to preserve my wits,  
Dearest *Iphigene* take thy revenge.  
It will not misbecome thy sex at all,  
Tis act of pittie, not of cruelty,

## *The discontented Colonel.*

To dispatch a miserable man.

*Fran.* And thou wouldst be more miserable yet,  
While like a bird made prisoner by it selfe,  
Thou beattst thy selfe 'gainst every thing,  
And vext, passe by that, which should let thee out.

*Alm.* Is it my fault, or Heavens!

For time while she would play upon me,  
Like ill musicians wound me up so high,  
That I must crack sooner then move in tune.

*Fran.* Stil you rave, while we

For want of present helpe may perish.

*Alm.* Right, a Surgeon, I'll find one instantly,  
The enemies at hand too, I had forgot,  
Oh what fatality govern'd this night! *Exit.*

*Fr.* How like an unthrifts case wil mine be now?

For al the wealth he looses,  
Shifts but the place, and stil the world  
Enjoies it, so will it you  
Sweete *Iphigene*, tho I possesse you not.

*Iph.* What excellency of nature's this?

Have you so perfectly forgiven already,

As to consider me a losse;

I am in doubt what sex I should

Be happier in: climates of freindship

Are not lesse pleasant, cause they are

Lesse scorching with those of Love,

And under them wee'l Live,

Such precious links of that shal tye

Our soules together, that the chaines of tother

Shall be grosse fetters to it.

*Fren.* I feare I cannot stay the making,

Oh, would you had never undeceiv'd me,

For I had died with pleasure,

Believing I had bin your Martyr now;

*Iph.* She looks pale, *Francelia.*

*Fran.* I cannot stay,

A hasty summons hurries me away

And gives.—no— (*dies*)

*Iph.*

*The discontented Colonnell.*

*Iph.* Shee's gon, shee's gon, life like a dyalls hand *A wife*  
Stole from the faire figure ere it was perceiv'd, *within*  
VVhat will become of me? *shee thinks*

Too too late y'are come, *'tis Almerin*

You may perswade wild birds that wing the aire *Enter*  
Into a cage, as soone as cal her *Soldiers*

VVandering spirits back; Ha these strange faces!

Horreur is in them, if I stay

I shall be taken for the murderer,

Oh in what straits they move,

That wander 'twixt the feares of death, and hopes of Love.

*Bren.* Forbeare upon your lives the place, *(Exit,*

There dwells Divinity in it, al else

The Castle holds is lawfull prize

Your valours wages, this I claime as mine,

Guard you the doore.

*Gra.* Colonnell, shal you use al the women your selfe

*Bren.* Away 'tis unreasonable. *Drawes the Curtaine.*

Awake faire Saint, and blesse thy poore i'olatour,

Ha, pale, and cold, dead!

The sweetest guest fled, murthered by Heaven,

The purple streames not dry yet,

Some villaine has broke in before me,

Rob'd al my hopes, but I will find him out,

And kick his soule to hell, if le doo't *(Dragging out*

Speake. *Iph.* VVhat should I say? *Iphigene.*

*Bren.* Speake, or by al.

*Iph.* Alas, I doe confesse my selfe the unfortunate cause.

*Bren.* O doe you so,

Hadst thou been cause of all the plagues

That vex mankind, th'adst been an innocent

To what thou art, thou shalt not think repentance. *Kills*

*Iph.* O thou wert too sudden, and — *Dyes.* *Her.*

*Bren.* VVas I so?

The lustfull youth would sure have spoild

Her honour, which finding highly guarded

Rage or feare to be reveald, considerd

This villaine, is there no more of them?

*Exit.*

*Enter*



## The discontented Colonell.

Enter Almecrin.

Not Enter.

Yes dog through thee, ha a course laid out  
Instead of *Iphigene*, *Francelia* dead too,  
Where shal I begin to curse?

Enter Brennoralt.

*Bren.* Here if he were thy friend.

*Alm.* Brennoralt.

A gallant sword could never have come in better time.

*Bren.* I have a good one for thee  
If that will serve thy turn.

*Alm.* I long to try it.

That fight doth make me desperate,  
Sick of my selfe, and of the world.

*Bren.* Didst value him?

A greater villaine did I never kil.

*Alm.* Kill *Bren.* Yes. *Alm.* Art sure of it?

*Bren.* May be I doe not wake.

*Alm.* Thas'ta'en then a guilt off from me,  
Would have weigh'd down my sword,

Weakened me to love resistance,

I shoud have made no sport,

Hadst thou conceald it,

Know Brennoralt thy Sword is stained in

Excellence, great, as the world can boast.

*Bren.* Ha, ha, how thart abus'd,

Looke there, there lies the excellence

Thou speakst of, murdered by him too,

He did confesse he was the cause.

*Alm.* O innocence it understood, and much swore us'd,  
Shee was alas by accident, but I,  
I was the cause indeed.

*Bren.* I will believe thee too, and kil thee,  
Destroy all causes til I make a stop  
In nature.

*Alm.* Bravely then:

The title of a Kingdome is a trifle

*The discontented Colomell.*

To our quarrell, fir know by sad mistake  
I kil'd thy Mistris *Brennorale*, and thou kil'dst mine.

*Bren.* Thine?

*Alm.* Yes that *Iphigene*

Thoshowne as man unto the world,  
VVas woman, excellent woman.

*Bren.* I underit and no riddles guard thee. *Fight & pause.*

*Alm.* O could they now looke down,

And see how we two strive,  
Which first should give revenge,  
They would forgive us something of the crime.  
Hold priſtice give me leave,  
To ſatisfy a curioſity,  
I never kiſt my *Iphigene* as woman.

*Bren.* Thou motionſt well, nor have I taken leave—  
Riſing it keeps a ſweetneſſe yet,  
As ſtils from Roſes when the flowers are gone.

*Alm.* So have two fainting pilgrimes ſcorch'd with heat  
Unto ſome neighbour fountaine ſteps aſide.  
Kneele firſt, then laid their warme lips  
To the Nymph, and from her coldneſſe  
Tooke freſh life agen, as we do now.

*Bren.* Lets on our journey if thou art reſreſht.

*Alm.* Come, and if there be a place reſerved  
For hightned ſpirits better then other,  
May that which wearies firſt of ours have it.

*Fight a good while. Almerein falls.*

*Bren.* If I weary, laugh at me, that's all.

*Alm.* Brave ſoules above.  
Which will be ſure inquisitive  
For newes from earth, ſhall yet no other,  
But that th'art brave.

*Enter King, Lords Strathman, Minſe,*

*Str.* To preſerve ſome Ladies as we gueſt.

*King.* Still gallant.

*Brennorale,* thy ſword not ſheathed yet;  
Buſy ſtill?

*Bren.*

## *The discontented Colonell.*

*Brew.* Revenging Sir,

The foulest murder ever blasted eares,  
Committed here by *Almerin*, and *Iphigene*,  
*A'm.* False, false.

The first created purity was not  
More innocent then *Iphigene*,

*Brew.* Lives he agen?

*A'm.* Stay thou much wearyed guest,  
Till I have throwne amongst them,  
We shall looke black else to posterity.

*King.* What sayes hee?

*Lord.* Something concerning this he labours to discover.

*Alm.* Know't was I, who kild *Francelia*, I alone.

*Misce.* O Barbarous returne of my civilities,  
Was it thy hand?

*A'm.* Heare and forgive me *Misce*.  
Entring this morning hastily  
With resolution to preserve,  
The faire *Francelia*, I found a theefe,  
Stealing the treasure which I thought  
Belong'd to me, wilde in my mind,  
And ruin'd in my honour in much mistaken rage  
I wounded both, then O too late I found.  
My error: found *Iphigene* a woman,  
Acting stolne love, to make my owne safe.  
And all my jealousies impossible,  
Whilst I runne out to bring them cure.  
*Francelia* dies, and *Iphigene* found here,  
I can no more ——— (*dies*).

*King.* More strange, and intricate,

*Iphigene* a woman.

*Melid.* With this story I am guiltily acquainted,  
The first concealments since her love,  
And all the wayes to it I have been trusted with.  
But for my griefe joyn'd with the instant businesse,  
Begg a deferment.

*King.* I am amaz'd till I doe heare it out,  
But in the meane time.

## *The discontented Colonell.*

Left in these mists, merit should lose it selfe,  
Those forfeitures of *Trock* and *Alins*,  
*Brennoralt* are thine.

*Bren.* Tis princely gift, but Sir it comes too late,  
Like Sun-beames on the blasted blossomes,  
Your favours fall; you should have given  
Me this, when't might have rais'd,  
Me in mens thoughts, and made me equall,  
To *Francis* love; I have no end,  
Since she's not: Back to my private life.  
I will returne.

*King.* This melancholy Iune must cure.  
Come take the bodies up, and lead the prisoners on.  
Triumph and Funerall must walke together.  
*Cipresse*, and *Lawrell* turn'd make up one chapter,  
For wee have got the day.

*But bought it at so deare a rate,  
That victory it selfe is unfortunate.*

*FINIS.*